

*Home Education.*

not only allow wrong to have its way by him. She may use a stern rebuke in the way of his physical life, by giving him unwholesome food, letting him sleep and live in ill-ventilated rooms—by disengaging any or every of the simple laws of health, ignorance of which is hardly to be excused in the loss of the justice taken by scientific men to bring this necessary knowledge within the reach of every one.

Again as far as the way the child's intellectual life may be wrecked at its outset by a range of dreary dawdling lessons in which actual progress is the last thing made or expected, and which are from abounding in any true sense—that is, exciting, drawing out, the faculties of the child,—simply do worse in a way he never gets over. Many a little girl, especially known the house school-room with a distaste for all means of learning, an aversion to mental effort, which looks for her failure, and that is why she grows up to read little but trashy novels, and to talk all day about her studies.

And her affection—the little out-going tender child-heart, how is that treated? There are few mothers who do not take pride to cherish the family affections; but when the child comes to have her little dealings with outsiders, do we worldly matrons and mothers ever rip the buds of childish love? But far worse than this happens when the child's love finds no natural outlet within her home—when she is the play or the quiet child of the family, and is left out in the cold, while the parents' affection is lavished upon the rest. Of course she does not love her brothers and sisters, who monopolise what there should have been hers too. And how is she to love her parents? Nobody knows the holy anguish which every child in the nursery suffers from this cause, nor how many lives are blighted and spoiled through the suppression of their childish affections. My childhood was made miserable, a lady said to me a little while ago, "by my mother's doting fondness for my little brother; there was not a day when she did not make me wretched by coming into the nursery to trouble and play with him, and, all the time, she had not a word, or a look, or a smile for me, any more than if I had not been in the room. And I have never got over it; she is very kind to me now, but I never feel quite natural with her. And how can we two, brother and sister, feel for each other as we should if we had grown up together in love in the nursery?"

*Desiring the Children.*

Suppose that a mother *may* find her child, how is it possible that she should despise him? "Despise to have a low mind, to undervalue"—thus the dictionary; and, as a matter of fact, however much we may delight in them, we grown-up people have far too low an opinion of children. If the teacher did not undervalue her child, would she leave him to the society of an ignorant nurse-maid during the early years, when his whole nature is like the photographer's sensitive plate, receiving momentarily indelible impressions? Not but that his nurse is good for the child. Very likely it would not answer for educated people to have their children always about them. The constant society of his parents would be too stimulating for the child, and frequent change of thought and the society of other people, make the mother all the fresher for her children. But they should have the best of their mother, her freshest brightest hours, while, at the same time, she is careful to choose her nurses wisely, train them carefully, and keep a vigilant eye upon all that goes on in the nursery. A good devoted mother is seldom without a good devoted nurse; but, all the same, it would be a boon to mothers if there were training-schools for nurses, where they should not only be instructed in their duties, but awakened to some sense of their great responsibility. More carelessness and rudeness in his nurse does the tender child lasting harm. Many a child leaves the nursery with his manners blotted, and with an alienation from his heavenly Father ever up, which may last his lifetime. For the child's moral touch is exceedingly quick; he is all eyes and ears for the slightest act or word of unkindness, deception, shiftness. His nature says, "If you'll be a good boy, I won't tell," and the child learns that things may be concealed from his mother, who should be to him as God, knowing all his good and evil. And it is not so if the child noted the slips of his elders with aversion. He knows better, it is true, but then he does not trust his own intuitions, he shapes his life on any pattern set before him, and, with the fatal taint of human nature upon him, he is more ready to imitate a bad pattern than a good. Give him a nurse who is coarse, violent, and tricky, and, before the child is able to speak plainly, he will have caught those dispositions.

One of many other ways in which parents are apt to have an influence upon their children, is in the matter of their faults. A little child shows a the ugly trait—he is greedy, and gobble up his mother's share of goodies as well as his own; he is vindictive, ready to bite or fight the hand that holds him; he tells a lie—no, he did not touch the cake under the project. The mother puts off the real day she knows she must sometime reckon with the child for these offences, but in the mean time she says, "Oh, it don't cost me nothing this time; he is very little, and will know better to-morrow." To put the thing on no higher ground, what happy days for herself and her children would the mother have if she could keep watch at the place of the birth out of water. If the mother sets it in her own mind that

the child never does wrong without being aware of his wrongdoing, she will see that he is not too young to have his fault corrected or prevented. Deal with a child on his *first* offence, and a graver look is enough to convict the little transgressor; but let him go on until a habit of wrongdoing is formed, and the cure is a slow one,—then the mother has no chance until she has formed in him a contrary habit of well-doing. To laugh at ugly tempers and let them pass because the child is small, is to sow the wind.

*Holidaying the Children.*

The most fatal way of despising the child falls under the third educational law of the Gospels, and it is to overlook and make light of his natural relationship with Almighty God. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," says the Saviour, as if that were the natural thing for the children to do, the thing they do when they are not hindered by their elders. And perhaps it is not too beautiful a thing to believe in this redeemed world, that, as the babe turns to his mother though he has no power to say her name, as the flowers turn to the sun, so the hearts of the children turn to their Saviour and God with unconscious delight and trust. Now listen to what goes on in many a nursery. "God does not love you, you naughty wicked boy!" "He will send you to the bad wicked place," and so on; and this all the practical teaching about the ways of his almighty Lover that the child gets—never a word of how God does love and cherish the little children all day long, and fills their hours with delight. Add to this listless perfumatory prayers, idle discussions of Divine things in their presence, light use of holy words, few signs whereby the child can read that the things of God are more to his parents than anything of the world, and the child is hindered, tacitly forbidden to "come unto Me"—and this, often, by parents who, in the depths of their hearts, desire nothing in comparison with God. The mischief lies in that same foolish undervaluing of the children, in the notion that the child can have no spiritual life until it pleases his elders to kindle the flame.

*Conditions of Healthy Brain-Activity.*

Having just glanced at the wide region of forbidden ground, we are prepared to consider what it is, definitely and positively, that the mother owes to her child under the name of Education.

And, first of all, the more educable powers of the child—his intelligence, his will, his moral feelings—have their seat in the brain; that is to say, as the eye is the organ of sight, so is the brain, or some part of it, the organ of thought and will, of love and hate. Authorities differ as to how far it is possible to localize the functions of the brain; but this, at least, seems pretty clear—that none of the functions of mind are performed without real activity in the mass of grey and white nervous matter named "the brain." Now, this is not a matter for the physiologist alone, but for every mother and father of a family, because that wonderful brain, by means of which we do our thinking, if it is not act healthily and in harmony with the healthful action of the members, should act only under such conditions of exercise, rest, and nutrition as secure health in every other part of the body.

(a) *Exercise.*—Most of us have met a few eccentric and a good many silly persons, and the question occurs, were these people born with less brain power than others? Probably not; but if they were allowed to grow up without the daily habit of appropriate moral and mental work, if they were allowed to dawdle through youth without regular and sustained efforts of thought or will, the result would be the same, and the brain, which should have been invigorated by daily exercise, become flabby and feeble, as a healthy arm would be after being carried for years in a sling. The large active brain is not content with entire idleness; it strikes out lines for itself, and works fitfully, and the man or woman becomes eccentric, because wholesome mental effort, like moral, must be carried on under the discipline of rules. A shrewd writer suggests that mental indolence may have been in some measure the cause of those pitiable attacks of derangement and depression from which poor Cowper suffered; the making of graceful verses when the "maggot bit" did not afford him the amount of mental labour necessary for his well-being.

The outcome of which is—do not let the children pass a day without distinct efforts, intellectual, moral, volitional; let them brace themselves to understand; let them compel themselves to do and to bear; and let them do right at the same time, but, in the first and lowest place, that the mere physical organ of mind and will may grow vigorous with work.

(b) *Rest, and Change of Occupation.*—Just as important is it that the brain should have due rest, that is, should rest and work alternately. And here two considerations come into play. In the first place, when the brain is actively at work it is treated as is every other organ of the body in the same circumstances; that is to say, a large additional supply of blood is attracted to the head for the nourishment of the organ which is spending its substance in hard work. Now, there is not an indefinite quantity of what we will for the moment call surplus blood in the vessels. The supply is regulated on the principle that only one set of organs shall

be excessively active at one time—now the limbs, now the digestive organs, now the brain, and all the blood in the body that can be spared goes to the support of those organs, which, for the time being, are in a state of labour. The child has just had his dinner, the meal of the day, which most severely taxes his digestive organs; for as much as two or three hours after, much labour is going on in those organs, the blood that can be spared from elsewhere is present to assist. Now, send the child out for a long walk immediately after dinner, the blood goes to the labouring extremities, and the food is left half digested; give the child a regular course of such dinners and walks, and he will grow up a dyspeptic. Set him to his books after a heavy meal, and the case is as bad; the blood which should have been assisting in the digestion of the meal, goes to the labouring brain. It follows that the hours for lessons should be carefully chosen, after periods of mental rest, sleep, or play, for instance, and when there is no excessive activity going on in any other part of the system. Thus, the morning, both before and after breakfast (the digestion of which lighter meal is not a severe tax), is much the best time for lessons and every sort of mental work; if the afternoon cannot be spared for recreation, that is the time for mechanical tasks, such as needlework, drawing, practising; the children's wits are bright enough in the evening, but the drawback to evening work is, that the brain, once excited, is inclined to carry on its labours beyond bed time, and dreams, wakefulness, and uneasy sleep attend the poor child who has been at work until the last minute. If the elder children *sauvage* work in the evening, they should have at least one or two pleasant social hours before they go to bed.

"There is," says Huxley, "no satisfactory proof, at present, that the manifestation of any particular kind of mental faculty is especially allotted to, or connected with, the activity of any particular region of the cerebral hemispheres;"—a dictum against the phrenologists, but coming to us on too high authority to be disputed. It is not possible to localize the faculties—to say you are cautious with this fraction of your brain, and music-loving with another, but this much is certain, and is very important to the educator: the brain, or some portion of the brain, becomes exhausted when any given faculty is kept too long on the stretch. The child has been doing sums for some time, and is getting unaccountably stupid; take away his slate and let him read history, and you find his wits fresh again. Imagination, which has had no part in the sums, is called into play by the history lesson, and the child brings a lively unexhausted faculty to his new work. School-time-tables are usually drawn up with a view to give the several mental faculties of the child alternate rest and labour; but the secret of the weariness children often show in the home school-room is, that no such judicious change of lesson is exercised.

(c) *Nourishment.*—Again, the brain cannot do its work unless it be abundantly and suitably nourished; somebody has made a calculation of how many ounces of brain went to the production of such a work—say "Paradise Lost,"—and how many to such another, and so on. Without going into mental arithmetic of this nature, we may say with safety, that every sort of intellectual activity wastes the tissues of the brain; a network of vessels supplies an enormous quantity of blood to the brain, to make up for this waste of material, and that the vigour and health of the brain depend upon the quality and quantity of this blood-supply.

Now, the quality of the blood is affected by three or four causes. In the first place, the blood is elaborated from the food; the more nutritious and easy of digestion the food, the more vital will be the properties of the blood. The food must be various, too,—a mixed diet,—because various ingredients are required to make up for the various waste in the tissues. The children are shocking spendthrifts; their endless goings and comings, their restlessness, their energy, the very wagging of their tongues, all mean expenditure of substance; the loss is not appreciable, but they lose something by every sudden sally, out of doors or within. No doubt the gain of power which results from exercise is more than compensation for the loss of substance; but, all the same, this loss must be promptly made good. And not only is the body of the child more active, proportionately, than that of the man; the child's brain, as compared with the man's, is in a perpetual flutter of endeavour. It is calculated that though the brain of a man weighs no more than a *fortieth* part of his body, yet a fifth or a sixth of his whole complement of blood goes to nourish this delicate and intensely active organ; but, in the child's case, it is not too much to say that fully a quarter of the blood that is in him is spent on the sustenance of his brain. And all the time, with these excessive demands upon him, the child has to grow! not merely to make up for waste, but to produce new substance in brain and body. What is the obvious conclusion? That the child must be well fed. Half the people of low vitality (*meilleures personnes*) across the globe are the victims of low-feeding during their childhood; and that, more often, because their parents were not alive to the necessity than because they were not in a position, to afford their children the diet necessary to their full physical and mental development. Regular meals at *unbroken intervals*—dinner, never more than five hours after breakfast; luncheon, a delusion and a snare; animal food case (certainly, possibly, in some lighter form, twice a day)—are common-sense diets followed out in most well-regulated households.

But it is not the food which is eaten, but the food which is digested that nourishes body and brain. And here so many considerations press that we can only glance at two or three of the most obvious. Everybody knows that children should eat porridge, or pork, or fried meats, or cheese, or rich, highly flavoured food of any description, (salt-pepper, mustard, and vinegar, savoury and spices, should be forbidden with new bread, rich cakes, and jams, like plum or gooseberry, in which the leathery coat of the fruit is preserved,) that milk, or milk and water, and that not too warm, or excess, is the best drink for the children, and that they should be trained not to drink until they have finished eating; that fresh fruit at breakfast is invaluable, and that, as serving the same end, oatmeal porridge and trifle, and the fat of roasted bacon, are valuable breakfast foods; and that a glass of water also, taken the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, is useful in promoting those regular habits on which much of the comfort of life depends. [All this and much of the same kind goes without saying, but again let me say, it is digested food that nourishes the system, and people are apt to forget how far mental and moral conditions affect the process of digestion.] The fact is, that the gastric juices which act as solvents to the viands are only secreted freely when the mind is in a cheerful and contented frame. If the child dislikes his dinner he swallows it, but the digestion of that digestible meal is a laborious much-impaired process, if the meal is eaten in silence, unrelieved by pleasant chat, the child loses much of the "food" of his dinner. Hence it is not a matter of pampering them at all, but a matter of health, of due nutrition, that the children should *enjoy* their food, and that their meals should be eaten in gladness; though, by the way, joyful *exertion* is as disastrous as its opposite in destroying that even, cheerful tone of mind favourable to the processes of digestion. No pains should be spared to make the hours of meeting round the family table the brightest hours of the day. This is supposing that the children are allowed to sit at table with their parents, and if it is possible to let them do so at every meal excepting a late dinner, the advantage to the little people is incalculable. Here is the *paramount* opportunity to train them in manners and in morals to cement family love, and to accustom the children to habits such as that of thorough mastication, for instance—an important on the score of health as on that of propriety. [But given pleasant surroundings and excellent food, and even then the requirements of these exuding little people are not fully met, plain as they *feel* them to be; the *best* diet for the child who has this diet week after week is *inevitably* nourished, though *badly*. Every mother should consider a *change* to her diet, that will last at least a fortnight without the same dinner recurring twice. Fish, even if the children dislike it without meat to follow, is excellent as a change, the more so as it is rich in phosphorus—a valuable brain food. The children's puddings deserve a good deal of consideration, the same so as they do not commonly care for fatty foods, but prefer to derive the warmth of their bodies from the starch and sugar of their puddings. But give them variety, do not let it be "everlasting tapas." Even for tea and breakfast the wise mother does not say, "I always give my children *so* and *so*." They should not have anything "always," every meal should have some little surprise. But is this the way to make them think of what they shall eat and what they shall drink? On the contrary, it is the undisciplined children who are greedy, and unfit to be treated with any unusual delicacy.]

(d) *Pure Air.*—But, as we have seen, the quality of the blood depends almost as much on the air we breathe as on the food we eat; in the course of every two or three minutes, all the blood in the body passes through the endless ramifications of the lungs, and for no other purpose than that during the instant of its passage, it should be impregnated with the oxygen contained in the air which is drawn into the lungs in the act of breathing. But what can happen to the blood in the course of an exposure lasting no longer than the blinking of an eye? Just this—the whole character, the very colour, of the blood is changed; it enters the lungs spoiled, no longer capable of sustaining life; it leaves them, a pure and vital fluid. Now, observe, the blood is only fully oxygenated when the air contains its full proportion of oxygen, and, as was said before, every breathing and every burning object withdraws some oxygen from the air. Hence the importance, as we have seen, of giving the children daily airings and abundant exercise of lung and lung in unvitiated unpolluted air.

About out-door airings we need say no more; but indoor airings are truly as important. Because, if the tissues are nourished upon impure blood for all the hours the child spends in the house, the misdeaf will not be remedied in the shorter interval spent out-of-doors. Particular breathing exercises, as well as fire and gas, into a room, and it is inevitable how soon the air becomes vitiated unless it is constantly renewed; that is, unless two rooms be well ventilated. We know what it is to come in out of the fresh air and complain that a room feels stuffy, but sit in this room a few minutes, and you get accustomed to its stuffiness, and the rooms are no longer a *bit* giddy. Therefore, regular purification must be made for the ventilation of rooms regardless

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of the indulgence of their inmates, at least an inch of window open at the top day and night, renders a room tolerably safe, leaving it open to the escape of the vitiated air, which, being light, usually, having room for the influx of colder fresher air by cracks and crannies in doors and floors. An open chimney is a useful, though not a sufficient ventilator, it is needless to say that the stopping-up of chimneys in sleepings-rooms is singular. It is particularly important to advise children to sleep with that single inch of open window all through the year—a much more as you like in the summer. There is a popular notion that night air is more wholesome; but if you reflect that wholesome air is that which contains its full complement of oxygen, and no more than its very small complement of carbonic acid gas, and that all heating objects—fire, furnace, gas-lamp—give forth carbonic acid gas and consume oxygen, you will see that night air is, in ordinary circumstances, more wholesome than day air, simply because there is a less exhaustive drain upon its vital gas. When the children are out of a room which they commonly occupy, day nursery or breakfast-room, then is the opportunity to air it thoroughly by throwing windows and doors wide-open, and producing a thorough draught.

(c) Sunshine.—But it is not only air, and pure air, the children must have if their blood is to be "the finest quality," as the advertisements have it. Quite healthy blood is exceedingly rich in minute, red, disk-like bodies, known as "red corpuscles," which, in favourable circumstances, are produced freely in the blood itself. Now, it is observed that people who live much in the sunshine are of a healthy countenance, that is, a great many of these red corpuscles are present in their blood, while the poor souls who live in cellars and sunless alleys have skins the colour of whitey-brown paper. Therefore, it is concluded that light and sunshine are favourable to the production of red corpuscles in the blood; and, therefore—to this next "therefore" is but a step for the mother—the children's rooms should be on the sunny side of the house, with a south aspect if possible. And, indeed, the whole house should be kept light and bright for their sakes; trees and outbuildings that obstruct the sunshine and make the children's rooms dull should be removed without hesitation.

(f) Free Perspiration.—Another point must be attended to, in order to secure that the brain be nourished by healthy blood. The blood receives and gets rid of the waste of the tissues, and one of the most important agents by means of which it does this necessary scavenger's work is the skin. Millions of invisible pores perforate the skin, each the mouth of a minute tube, and each such pore is employed without a moment's cessation, while the body is in health, in discharging perspiration—that is, the waste of the tissues—upon the skin. When the discharge is excessive, we are aware of moisture upon the skin; but, aware of it or not, the discharge is always going on; and, what is more, if it be checked, or if a considerable portion of the skin be glazed, so that it becomes impervious, death will result. This is why people die in consequence of scalds or burns which injure a large surface of the skin, although they do not touch any vital organ; millions of little tubes which should carry off injurious matters from the blood, are closed, and, though the remaining surface of the skin and the other excretory organs take extra work upon them, it is impossible to make good the loss of what may be called efficient drainage over a considerable area. Therefore, if the brain is to be duly nourished, it is important to keep the whole surface of the skin in a condition to throw off freely the excretions of the blood. Two considerations follow: of the first, the necessity of the daily bath, followed by vigorous rubbing of the skin, it is needless to say a word here. But, possibly, it is not so well understood that children should be clothed throughout in porous garments, which admit of the instant passing off of the exhalations of the skin. Why did ladies faint, or, at any rate, "feel faint," when it was the custom to go to church in sealskin coats? Why do people who sleep under down, or even under silk or cotton quilts, feel more tired when they get up than when they went to bed? From the one cause, their coverings have impeded the passage of the insensible perspiration, and so have hindered the skin in its function of reflexing the blood of impurities. It is surprising what a constant loss of vitality many people experience from no other cause than the unsatisfactory character of their clothing. The children cannot be better dressed throughout in loosely woven woollen garments, flannels, and serges, of varying thicknesses for summer and winter wear. Woollens have other advantages over cottons and linens besides that of being porous. Wool is a bad conductor, and therefore does not allow of the too free escape of the animal heat; and it is absorbent, and therefore relieves the skin of the clammy sensations which follow sensible perspiration.

We might well spend hours on the consideration of this one question—the due nutrition of the brain—upon which the very possibility of education depends. But something will have been effected if the reason why of only two or three practical rules of health is made so plain that one cannot evade them without a sense of law-breaking.

I fear you may be inclined to think that I am not carrying out my programme, in talking, for the most part, about a few physiological matters—the lowest round of the educational ladder. The lowest round it may be; yet

it is the lowest round, the necessary step to all the rest. For it is not too much to say that, in our present state of being, intellectual, moral, even spiritual life and progress depend greatly upon physical conditions. That is to say, not that he who has a fine physique is necessarily a good and clever man; but that the good and clever man requires much animal substance to make up for the expenditure of tissue brought about in the exercise of his virtue and his intellect. For example, is it easier to be amiable, kindly, candid, with or without a headache or a fit of neuralgia?

#### "The Reign of Law" in Education.

Besides, though this physical culture of the brain may be only the groundwork of education, the method of it indicates what should be the method of all education, that is, orderly, regulated progress under the guidance of Law. The reason why education affects so much less than it should effect is just this—that in nine cases out of ten, sensible good parents trust too much to their common sense and their good intentions, forgetting that common sense must be at the pains to instruct itself in the nature of the case, and that well-intended efforts come to little if they are not carried on in obedience to Divine laws, to be read, in many cases, not in the Bible, but in the facts of life. It is a shame to believeing people that many whose highest profession is that they do not know, and, therefore, do not believe, should produce more blameless lives, freer from flaws of temper, from the vice of selfishness than do many sincerely religious people. It is a fact that will confront the children by-and-by, and one of which they will require an explanation; and, what is more, it is a fact that will have more weight, should it confront them in the person of a character which they cannot but esteem and love, than all the doctrinal teaching they have had in their lives. This appears to me the threatening danger to that confessed dependence upon and allegiance to Almighty God which we recognize as religion—not the wickedness, but the *goodness*, of a school which refuses to admit any such dependence and allegiance. You will forgive me for touching upon this crucial question, when I say, that my sense of this danger is my only reason for venturing to invite you to listen to the little I have to say upon the subject of education,—my sense of the danger, and the assurance I feel that it is no such great danger after all, but one that mothers of the cultivated class are competent to deal with, and are precisely the only persons who can deal with it: therefore, I come to the fountain-head, and am grateful for your sympathetic attention. As for this superior morality of some nonbelievers supposing we grant it, what does it amount to? Just to this, that the universe of mind, as the universe of matter, is governed by unwritten laws of God; that the child cannot thaw soap bubbles or think his fitting thoughts otherwise than in obedience to Divine laws; that all safety, progress, and success in life come of obedience to law, to the laws of mental, moral, or physical science, or of that spiritual science which the Bible unfolds; that it is possible to ascertain laws and keep laws without recognizing the Lawgiver, and that those who do ascertain and keep any Divine law inherit the blessing due to obedience, whatever be their attitude towards the Lawgiver. Just as the man who goes out into blazing sunshine is warmed, though he may shut his eyes and decline to see the sun; conversely, that they who take no pains to study the principles which govern human actions and human thought miss the blessings of obedience to certain laws, though they may inherit the better blessing which come of acknowledged relationship with the Lawgiver. These last blessings are so unspeakably satisfying, that often enough the believer who enjoys them wants no more. He opens his mouth and draws in his breath for the delight he has in the law, it is true; but it is the law of the spiritual life only. Towards the other laws of God which govern the universe he sometimes takes up an attitude of antagonism, almost of resistance, worthy of an infidel. It is nothing to him that he is fearfully and wonderfully made; he does not care to know how the brain works, nor how the more subtle essence we call mind evolves and develops in obedience to laws. There are pious minds to which a desire to look into these things savours of unbelief, as if it were to dishonour the Almighty to perceive that he carries on His glorious works by means of glorious laws. They will have to do with no laws excepting the laws of the kingdom of grace. In the mean time, the non-believer, who looks for no supernatural aids, lays himself out to discover and conform to all the laws which regulate natural life—physical, mental, moral; all the laws of God, in fact, excepting those of the spiritual life which the believer appropriates as his peculiar inheritance. But these laws which are left to us are laws of God also, and the observance of them attended with such blessings, that the children of the believers say, "Look how is it that they who do not acknowledge the Law as of God are better than we who do?"

Now, believing parents have no right to lay up this crucial difficulty for their children. They have no right, for instance, to pray that their children may be made truthful, diligent, upright, and, at the same time, neglect to acquaint themselves with those principles of moral science the observance of which will guide into truthfulness, diligence, and uprightness of character. For this, also, is the law of God. Observe, not into the knowledge of God, the thing worth

living for, no mental science and no moral science, is pledged to reveal that. What I contend for is, that these sciences have their part to play in the education of the human race, and that the parent may not disregard them with impunity. My endeavour in the forthcoming lectures will be to sketch out roughly—with your permission—a method of education which, as resting upon a basis of natural law, may lack, without presumption, to inherit the Divine blessing. Any sketch I can offer in the few hours before us must be very imperfect and very incomplete; but a hint here and there may be enough to put intelligent mothers on the right lines of thinking with regard to the education of their children.

#### LECTURE II.

##### OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE FOR THE CHILDREN.

People who live in the country know the value of fresh air very well, and their children live out-of-doors, with intervals within for sleeping and eating. As to the latter, even country people do not make full use of their opportunities. On fine days, when it is warm enough to sit out with wraps, why should not tea and breakfast—everything but a hot dinner—be served out-of-doors? For we are an overgrown generation, running to nerves as a cabbage runs to seed, and every hour spent in the open is a clear gain, tending to the increase of brain power and bodily vigour, and to the lengthening of life itself. They who know what it is to have fevered skin and throbbed brain deliciously soothed by the cool touch of the air, are inclined to make a new rule of life, "Never be within doors when you can rightly be without."

Besides the gain of an hour or two in the open air, there is this to be considered, meals taken *al fresco* are usually joyous, and there is nothing like gladness for converting meat and drink into healthy blood and tissue. All the time, too, the children are storing up memories of a happy childhood. Fifty years hence they will see the shadows of the boughs making patterns on the white tablecloth, and sunshine, children's laughter, hum of bees, and scent of flowers are being bottled up for after refreshment.

But it is only the people who live, so to speak, in their own gardens who can make a practice of giving their children tea out-of-doors. For the rest of us, and the most of us, who live in towns or the suburbs of towns, that is included in the larger question. How much time daily, in the open air should the children have? and how is it possible to secure this for them? In this time of extraordinary pressure, educational and social, perhaps a mother's first duty to her children is to secure for them a quiet growing time, a full seven years of passive receptive life, the waking part of it spent for the most part out in the fresh air. And this, not for the gain of bodily health alone—body and soul, heart and mind, are nourished with food convenient for them when the children are let alone, let to live without friction and without stimulus, amongst happy influences which incline them to be good.

"I make a point," says a judicious mother, "of sending my children out, weather permitting, for an hour in the winter, and two hours a day in the summer months." That is well; but it is not enough. In the first place, do not send them; if it is anyway possible, take them: for, although the children should be left much to themselves, there is a great deal to be done and a great deal to be prevented during these long hours in the open air. And long hours they should be not two, but four, five, or six hours they should have on every tolerably fine day, from April till October.

Supposing we have got them, what is to be done with these golden hours, so that every one shall be delightful? They must be spent with some method, or the mother will be taxed and the children bored. There is a great deal to be accomplished in this large fraction of the children's day. They must be kept in a joyous temper all the time, or they will miss some of the strengthening and refreshing held in charge for them by the blessed air. They must be let alone, left to themselves a great deal, to take in what they can of the beauty of earth and heaven; for of the evils of modern education few are worse than this—that the perpetual cackle of his elders leaves the poor child not a moment of time, nor an inch of space, wherein to wonder—and grow. At the same time, here is the mother's opportunity to train the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and to drop seeds of truth into the open soul of the child, which shall germinate, blossom, and bear fruit, without further help or knowledge of hers. Then, there is much to be got by perching in a tree or nestling in heather; but muscular development comes of more active ways, and an hour or two should be spent in vigorous play; and last, and truly least, a lesson or two must be got in.

Let us suppose mother and children arrived at some breezy open "wherein it seemeth always afternoon." In the first place, it is not her business to entertain the little people; there should be no story books, no telling of tales, as little talk as possible, and that to some purpose. Who thinks to

children with tales or talk at a circus or a pantomime? And here there is not infinitely more displayed for their delectation? Our wise mother arrived, first sends the children to let off their spirits in a wild scamper, with cry, halloo, and hullabaloo, and any extravagance that comes into their young heads. There is no distinction between big and little; the ~~littles~~ <sup>babies</sup> ~~to follow~~ <sup>to</sup> in the wake of their elders, and ~~in lessons~~ <sup>to play</sup>, to pick up and do according to their little might. As for the baby, she is in ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> divested of her ~~linen~~ <sup>clothes</sup>, tarched, kite clean garments, who kicks and crawls, and coos, and clutches the grass, and laughs soft baby laughter, and takes in her little knowledge of shapes and properties in her own wonderful fashion—clothed in a woolly gown, long and loose, which is none the worse for the worst usage it may get.

##### Sight-seeing.

By-and-by, the others come back to their mother, and, while wits are fresh and eyes keen, she sends them off on an exploring expedition—who can see the most, and tell the most, about yonder hillock or brook, hedge or copse. This is an exercise that delights the children, and may be endlessly varied, carried on in the spirit of a game, and yet with the exactness and carefulness of a lesson.

"Find out all you can about that cottage at the foot of the hill; but do not pry about too much." Soon they are back, and there is a crowd of excited faces, and a hubbub of eager tongues, and random observations are shot breathlessly into the mother's ear. "There are bee-hives." "We saw a lot of bees going into one." "There is a long garden." "Yes, and there are sunflowers in it." "And hen-and-chicken daisies and pansies." "And there's a great deal of a pretty blue flower with rough leaves, mother; what do you suppose it is?" "Borage for the bees, most likely; they are very fond of it." "Oh, and there are apple and pear and plum trees on one side; there's a little path up the middle, you know." "On which hand-side are the fruit trees?" "The right—no, the left; let me see, which is my thumb-hand?" Yes, it is the right-hand side." "And there are potatoes and cabbages, and mint and things on the other side." "Where are the flowers, then?" "Oh, they are past the borders running down each side of the path." "But we have not told mother about that wonderful apple tree; I should think there are a million apples on it, all ripe and rosy!" "A million, Fanny?" "Well, a great many, mother; I don't know how many." And so on, indefinitely; the mother getting by degrees a complete description of the cottage and its garden, and herself throwing the children's random statements into order: "Let me see, about the ~~garden~~ <sup>you have told me that it is long with a narrow path</sup> ~~path~~ <sup>up the middle, bordered with flowers, etc.</sup> is that right?"

This is all play to the children, but the mother is doing invaluable work; she is training their powers of observation and expression, increasing their vocabulary and their range of ideas by giving them the name and the uses of an object at the right moment, when they ask, "What is it?" and "What is it for?" And she is training her children in truthful habits, by making them careful to see the fact and to state it exactly, without omission or exaggeration. The child who describes, "A tall tree, going up into a point, with rather large roundish leaves; not a pleasant tree for shade, because the branches all go up," deserves to learn the name of the tree, and anything her mother has to tell her about it. But the little bungler, who fails to make it clear whether he is describing an elm or a beech, should get no encouragement; not a foot should his mother move to see his tree, no coaxing should draw her into talk about it, until, in despair, he trots off, and comes back with some more certain note—rough or smooth bark, rough or smooth leaves, —then the mother considers, pronounces, and, full of glee, he carries her off to see for herself.

By degrees the children will learn *discriminatingly* every feature of the landscapes with which they are familiar; and, think what a delightful possession for old age and middle life is a series of pictures imaged, feature by feature, in the sunny glow of a child's mind! The miserable thing about the childish recollections of most persons is, that they are blurred, distorted, incomplete, no more pleasant to look upon than a fractured cup or a torn garment; and the reason is, not that the old scenes are forgotten, but that they were never fully seen. At the time, there was no more than a hazy impression that such and such objects were present, and, naturally, after the lapse of years, those features can rarely be recalled of which the child was not *conscious* when he saw them before him.

##### Picture-painting.

So exceedingly delightful is this family of taking mental photographs, exact images, of the "beauties of nature" one goes about the world for the refreshment of seeing, that it is worth while to exercise children in another way towards this end, bearing in mind, however, that they see the near and the minute, but can only be made with an effort to look at the wide and the distant. Get the children to look well at some patch of landscape, and then to shut their eyes and call up the picture before them; if any bit of it is blurred, they had better look again. When they have a perfect image before their eyes, let them say what they see. Thus—*I see*

*Baby talk always  
leaves such  
an impression  
on a small  
child, and this  
is an excellent  
way to teach  
me, in  
what element  
the only fault  
is this baby  
talk.*

*This is all  
my wife as  
an ideal—but  
what amount  
of fun an  
adult  
mother can  
have in  
teaching  
her child  
her  
habits  
etc.*

"and, it is sitting on my side, but deep on the other trees  
are to the water's edge on that side, and you can see their  
great leaves and branches so plainly in the water that you  
would think there was quite a wood underneath. Almost  
nothing green in the water, is a bit of blue sky with  
a little white cloud - and when you look up you see that  
at h, because there are no trees up there. There are lovely  
blue water lilies round the far edge of the pond, and two  
of the big green leaves are turned up like seals. Near  
here I am standing three cows have come to drink, and one  
has got far into the water, nearly up to her neck," etc.

This too is an exercise children delight in, but, as it involves some strain on the attention, it is fatiguing, and should only be employed now and then. It is, however, well worth while to give children the habit of getting a bit of reading by heart in this way, because it is the effort of recalling and reproducing that is fatiguing; while the other pleasurable act of seeing, *fully and in detail*, is likely to be repeated unconsciously, until it becomes a habit, the child who is required now and then to reproduce what sees. At first, the children will want a little help in the art of seeing. The mother will say, "Look at the reflection of trees! There might be a wood under the water. What those standing-up leaves remind you of!" and so on, until children have noticed the salient points of the scene. She can even herself learn off two or three scenes, and describe them with closed eyes for the children's amusement; and in little minutes are they, and at the same time so sympathetic, that any graceful fanciful touch which she throws into her descriptions will certainly be reproduced with variations in theirs.

The children will delight in this game of "picture-tinting" all the more if their mothers introduce it by bringing some great picture-gallery she has seen—pictures of mountains, of moors, of stormy seas, of ploughed fields, of children at play, of an old woman knitting,—and goes to say, that though she does not paint her pictures on vas and have them put in frames, she carries about with just such a picture-gallery; for, whenever she sees anything lovely or interesting, she looks at it until she has the picture in her "mind's eye;" and then she carries it away with her, her own for ever, a picture "on view" just when wants it.

It would be difficult to overrate this habit of seeing and ring as a means of after solace and refreshment. The best of us have holidays, when we slip our necks out of yoke, and come face to face with nature, to be healed and soothed by—

The b-thing balm;  
The silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things."

is immediate refreshment is open to everybody according to this measure! but it is a mistake to suppose that everybody is able to carry away a refreshing image of that which gives such delight. Only a few (one may say) with Wordsworth, of all the scenes they have visited—

"Through absent long,  
forms of beauty have not been  
a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
in lonely rooms, and amid the  
ruins and cities I have owed to the  
years of weariness, sensations swam  
in the flood, and felt along the  
passing even into my purer mind  
fragrant restoration."

yet this is no high poetic gift which the rest of us must content to admire, but a common reward for taking part in the act of seeing, which parents may do a great deal confer upon their children.

The mother must beware how she spoils the simplicity, objective character of the child's enjoyment, by treating little descriptions as feats of cleverness to be repeated to father or to visitors; she had better make a vow to herself, "to say nothing to nobody," though the child should show him a born poet.

"Ghosts and Trees"

In the course of this "sight-seeing" and "picture-painting," opportunities will occur to make the children familiar with rural objects and employments. If there are farm-lands within reach, they should know meadow and pasture, clover, rye, and corn-field, under every aspect, from the ploughing of the land to the getting in of the crops. Milkwort, bedstraw, rest-harrow, lady's bedstraw, willow-herb, every wild flower that grows in their neighbourhood, they should know quite well, should be able to describe the leaf—its shape, size, growing from the root or from the stem; the manner of flowering—a head of flowers, a single flower, a spike, etc. And, having made the acquaintance of a wild-flower, so that they can never forget it or mistake it, they should examine the spot where they find it, so that they will know for the future in what sort of ground to look for such a flower. "We should find wild thyme here!" Oh, this is the very spot for marsh marigolds; we must come here in the spring." If the mother is no great botanist, she will find Miss Ann Pratt's "Wild Flowers" (2 vols. P.C.E.) very useful, with its coloured pictures, like enough to identify the flowers by, common English names, and pleasant facts and fancies that the children will delight in.

bee. He suspected the reason, and, questioning, found that not one of them had ever seen a bee—or seen a bee! Think for a moment," said he, "what that implies." Then we were moved by a picture of the sad child-life from which bees and flowers are all shut out. But how many are there who don't live in the slums of London, unable to distinguish a bee from a wasp, or even from a honey-bee!

children should be encouraged to watch, patiently and until they learn something of what is

of this wonderful world as they can get at their first business in life.

prayeth best who loveth best  
all things both great and small,  
the dear God who loveth us  
is made and loveth all."

would be well if all we persons in authority, parents, who act for parents, could make up our minds that no sort of knowledge to be got in the early years is to the children as that which they get for them of the world they live in. Let them once get touch with a habit is formed which will be a source of strength through life. We were all meant to be naturalists, his degree, and it is inexcusable to live in a world so full of the marvels of plant and animal life, and to care for none of these things.

... too, what an unequalled mental training the  
astralit is getting for any study or calling under the  
powers of attention, of discrimination, of patient  
growing, with his growth, what will they not fit  
? Besides, life is so interesting to him that he has  
for the faints of temper that generally have their  
in *ennui*; there is no reason why he should be peevish  
or obstinate when he is always kept well amused.  
... "he" from force of habit, as speaking of the repre-  
sentatives, but truly that she should be thus conversant with  
is a matter of infinitely more importance to the little  
he it who is most tempted to indulge in ugly tempers  
she (and woman) because time hangs heavy on her  
she, whose idle, more desultory habits of mind want  
our and the bridle of an earnest absorbing pursuit,  
feel health demands to be braided up by an out-  
full of healthy excitement. Moreover, it is with girls,  
and big, a most true kindness to lift them out of them-  
and out of the round of petty personal interests and  
which too often hem in their lives; and then, with  
but the girls done if rest to mould the generations yet  
born?

*Field-lore and Naturalists' Books.*

it advisable, then, to teach the children the elements of all science, of biology, history, zoology? On the whole, we should not teach them any history which should necessitate the pulling of flowers, &c., bits, much less should they be permitted to injure or destroy any (not noxious) form of life. Reverence for life, as a wonderful and awful gift above, which a rathless child may destroy but never restore, is a lesson of first importance to the child —

"Let knowledge grow from more to more;  
But more of reverence in us dwell."

child who sees his mother, with reverent touch, lift a snowdrop to her lips, learns a higher lesson than the nut-books can teach. Years hence, when the children are enough to understand that science itself is, in a sense, and demands some sacrifice, all the "common informants" they have been gathering until then, and the habits of observation they have acquired, will form a capital groundwork for a scientific education. In the mean time, let us consider the flies of the field, and the fowls of the air, convenience in describing them should be able to many distinguish petals, stamens, and so on; and they should be encouraged to make such rough classifications as they can in their slight knowledge of both animal and vegetable life. Plants with heart-shaped or spoon-shaped leaves, whole or divided leaves; leaves with criss-cross veins, leaves with straight veins; bell-shaped flowers and cross-shaped flowers; flowers with three petals, with four, with five, trees which keep their leaves all the year, and trees which lose them in the autumn; creatures with backbone, creatures without; creatures that eat grass and creatures that eat flesh, and so on. To make collections of leaves and flowers, pressed and mounted, and arranged according to their affords much pleasure, and, what is better, valuable training in the noticing of differences and resemblances. This is for this sort of classification of leaves and flowers we found in every little book of elementary botany.

the power to classify, discriminate, distinguish between what is differ, is amongst the highest faculties of the intellect, and no opportunity to cultivate it should be lost; but a classification got out of books, that the child makes not for himself and is not able to verify for himself makes no power but that of verbal memory, and a few or two of Macaulay's "Lambs" learnt off, would that purpose just as well. The real use of naturalists' at this stage is to give the child delightful glimpses the world of wonders he lives in, to reveal the sorts of to be seen by curious eyes, and fill him with desire to discoveries for himself [Mr. Wood has written a interesting little book, full of the information that one craves who has been brought up to care for natural objects, "Common Objects of the Country," "Forest Trees," "Feathery Friends," "Homes without Hands," "Curious Objects of the Seashore," and others as well known. Arabella Buckley in "The Fair Land of Science," and "Her Children," strikes a higher note, and writes charmingly. Mr. J. E. Tyrell's work, "Half Hours in Green Lanes," "Good giant stories," "Flowers" are simple and simple); there is Barr's "Tour round my Garden," and Frank Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History."

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Home Education 18  
have this education lasts well about the time. On wife's  
death, the now Author's books, Kingsley's "Madam  
Her and Lady Why," and plenty more all present reading,  
and all these written to stimulate and yet requiring little  
or no previous knowledge for their enjoyment.

This is the natural desire, however, to fit his to this kind of  
reading, not only that he may call his fits to his children  
about matters that have come across him, but that she may be  
able to answer them quickly and directly therefrom;  
but not only the mother, but any woman who is likely ever  
to speak to him or two or three so many children should make  
himself master of this sort of information; the children will  
ask him for the answers which they want to know, and when  
he does not she may give the best fit to some young mind  
desirous to do good things for the world.

#### The Child and Knowledge by Means of His Senses.

With a child standing at gate of home sight new to him  
—a plough at work, the horses—and you will see he is as  
naturally inspired as a whale at the breast, he is in fact,  
taking in the external field which the working faculty of  
the house at other parts requires. In his early years the  
world is all green; he observes or, more truly, he perceives,  
nothing much, much taste small, and leaving to his fit, that  
he may learn all that is observable by him about every  
new thing that comes under his notice. Everybody knows  
how a baby familiarizes with soft little fingers and carries  
in his mouth and hangs there if may presume what sound  
there is in themselves or dull which supercilious grown-ups  
give him to "expatriate quiet," never thinking that baby is at  
his leisure, and is learning all about it at a rate utterly surprizing  
to the physiologist who considers how much is  
engaged in the act of "seeing." For instance that to the infant,  
as to the blind child restored to sight, there is at first no  
difference between a flat picture and a solid body—that the  
idea of form and solidity are not obtained by sight at all,  
but are the judgments of experience. Then, think of the  
vague powers in the air the little fist makes before it lays  
hold of the object of desire and you see how he learns the  
importance of things having as yet no idea of direction. And why does he cry for the moon? Why does he crave  
equally a horse as a hobby-horse as an appropriate plaything? Because formed near, large and small, are ideas he has yet  
to grasp. Every body has truly a great deal to do before he  
is in condition to believe his own eyes—but nature teaches  
so gently, so gradually, so persistently, that the child is  
never overborne, but goes on gathering little stores of knowl-  
edge about whatever comes before him.

And this is the process the child should continue for the  
first few years of his life. Now is the storing time, which  
should be spent in laying up images of things familiar. By  
and-by, he will have to observe of things he has never seen.  
Now we do it exactly comparison with things he has  
seen and known. By-and-by, he will be called upon to  
judge, meditate, reason, what material will he have,  
action as by his magazine of facts to go upon? The child  
now has been made to observe how high in the heavens the  
sun is at noon on a summer's day, how low at noon on a  
day in midwinter; to make no estimate of the great heat of  
the regions under a scorching sun, and to understand that  
the climate of a place depends greatly upon the mean height  
of the sun's reaches above the horizon.

A great deal has been said, lately, about the danger of  
over-exposure, of requiring too much mental work from a child  
of tender years. The danger exists, but lies, not in giving  
the child too much, but in giving him the wrong thing to  
do, the sort of work for which the present state of his mental  
development does not fit him. Who expects a boy in peti-  
tions to lift half a hundredweight? But give the child the  
work meant intended for him, and the quantity he can get  
through with ease is practically unlimited. Whoever saw a  
child tired of running, of exercising in his own way un-  
familiar things? This is the sort of mental jambulum for  
which he has an unabated appetite, because it is that food  
of the mind on which for the present, he is meant to grow.  
How soon for in this striving for natural sustenance met?  
In infant and kindergarten schools, by the object lesson,  
which is good, so far as it goes, but is something like that  
from a day in which the Freshman fed his horse. The  
child at home has more new things brought under his notice,  
too, with less trouble. Neither at home nor at school is  
such effort made to set before the child the abundant "feast  
of eyes" which his needs demand.

We older people, partly because of our matured intellect,  
partly because of our defective education, get most of our  
knowledge through the medium of words. We set the child  
to know in the same way, and find him dull and slow.  
Why? because it is only with a few words in common use  
that he acquires any definite meaning; all the rest are no  
more to him than the contents of a foreign tongue. But set  
him first to pass with a child, and he is twenty times as  
quick as you are in knowing all about its knowledge of  
things else in the mind of a child like itself owing to a  
language. Now consider what a valuable waste of intellectual  
energy it is to shut up a child, thrown with this inadequate  
capacity for tasting and knowing, within the four walls of a  
house, in the nursery where there is plenty to see,  
it is surely as bad to let the great faculty of the child's

disappear itself in random observation for want of method  
and direction. There is no end to the sorts of common  
information, got in such a way that it will never be for-  
gotten, with which an intelligent child may furnish himself  
before he begins his school career. The boy who can tell  
you offhand where to find each of the half-dozen most grace-  
ful blossoms, the three or four finest ash trees in the  
neighbourhood of his home, has chances in life a dozen to one  
compared with the lower shrewd intelligence that does  
not know an elm from an oak—not merely chances of success,  
but chances of a larger happier life, for it is curious how  
certain feelings are linked with the mere observation of  
nature and natural objects. "The *aesthetic* sense of the  
beautiful," says Dr. Carpenter, "of the sublime, of the  
harmonious, seems in its most elementary form to connect  
itself immediately with the perceptions which arise out of the  
contact of our minds with external Nature," while he  
quotes Dr. Morell, who says, still more forcibly, that, "All  
those who have shown a remarkable appreciation of form  
and beauty, date their first impressions from a period lying  
far behind the existence of definite ideas or verbal instruc-  
tion." Thus, we owe something to Mr. Evans for taking  
his little daughter Marion with him on his long business  
drives among the pleasant Warwickshire lanes; the little  
girl stood up between her father's knees, seeing much and  
saying little, and the outcome was the scenes of rural life in  
"Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss." Wordsworth,  
resting amongst the mountains, becomes a sort of prophet of  
nature; while Tennyson draws endless imagery from the  
levels of the eastern counties where he was brought up.  
Little David Copperfield was "a very observant child,"  
"though," says he, "I think the memory of most of us can go  
farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as  
I believe the power of observation is numbers of very young  
children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy.  
Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable  
in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to  
have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it, the rather,  
as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness,  
and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are  
also an inheritance they have preserved from their child-  
hood;"—in which remark Dickens makes his hero talk sound  
philosophy as well as kindly sense.

#### The Child should be made Familiar with Natural Objects.

But what is the use of being "a very observant child,"  
if one is not put in the way of things worth observing? And here is the difference between the streets of a town and the  
sights and sounds of the country; there is plenty to be  
seen in a town, and children accustomed to the ways of the  
streets become nimbly-witted enough. But the scraps of  
information one picks up in a town are isolated fragments;  
they do not hang on to anything else, or come to anything  
more; the information may be convenient, but no one is the  
wiser for knowing on which side of the street is Smith's,  
and which turning leads to Thompson's shop. Now take up  
a natural object, it does not matter what, and you are studying  
one of a group, a member of a series, whatever know-  
ledge you get about it is that which towards the science  
which incudes all of its kind. Break off a hazel twig in the  
spring; you notice a ring of wood round a centre of pith,  
and those you have at a glance a distinguishing character of  
a great division of the vegetable world. You pick up a  
pebble. Its edges are perfectly smooth and rounded, why?  
you ask. It is water-worn, weather-worn. And that little  
pebble brings you face to face with disintegration, the force  
to which, more than to any other, we owe the aspects of the  
world which we call picturesque—glen, ravine, valley, hill.  
It is not necessary that the child should be told anything  
about disintegration or oxygen, only that he should observe  
the wood and pith in the hazel twig, the pleasant roundness  
of the pebble, by-and-by, he will learn the bearing of the  
facts with which he is already familiar—a very different  
thing from learning the reason why of facts which have  
never come under his notice.

It is infinitely well worth the mother's while to take  
some pains every day to secure, in the first place, that her  
children spend hours daily amongst rural and natural  
objects, and, in the second place, to infuse into them, or  
rather, to cherish in them, the love of investigation. "I say  
it deliberately," says Kingsley, "as a student of society and  
of history: power will pass more and more into the hands of  
scientific men. They will rule, and they will act—  
cautiously, we may hope, and modestly, and charitably—  
because in learning true knowledge they will have learnt  
also their own ignorance, and the vastness, the complexity,  
the mystery of nature. But they will be able to rule, they  
will be able to act, because they have taken the trouble to  
learn the facts and the laws of nature."

But, to enable them to swim with the stream is the least  
of the benefits this early training should confer on the  
children; a love of nature, implanted so early that it will  
seem to them hereafter to have been born in them, will  
enrich their lives with pure interests, absorbing pursuits,  
health and good humour. "I have seen," says the same  
writer, "the young man of fierce passions, and uncontrollable  
daring, expand healthily that energy which threatened daily  
to plunge him into recklessness, if not into sin, upon hunting  
out and collecting, through rock and bay, snow and

tempest, every bird and egg of the neighbouring forest. I  
have seen the young London beauty, and all the seduc-  
tion and temptation of luxury and flattery, with her heart  
pure, and her mind occupied in a honour full of shells and  
fossils, flowers and seaweeds, keeping herself unsullied from  
the world, by considering the lilies of the field, how they  
grow."

#### Out-of-door Geography.

After this long digression, intended to impress upon  
mothers the supreme importance of stirring up in their  
children a love of nature and of natural objects—a deep-  
seated spring to send up pure waters into the driest places of  
after-life—we must return to the mother whom we have left  
out-of-doors all this time, waiting to know who she is to  
do next. This pleasant earth of ours is not to be overlooked  
in the out-of-door education of the children. "How do you  
get time for so much?" "Oh, I leave out subjects of no  
educational value; I do not teach geography, for instance,"  
said an advanced young theorist with all sorts of degrees.  
But the mother, who knows better, will find a hundred  
opportunities to teach geography by the way! a duck-pond  
is a lake, or an inland sea; any brooklet will serve to illustrate  
the great rivers of the world; a hillock grows into a  
mountain—an Alpine system; a hazel-ope suggests the  
mighty forests of the Amazon; a weedy swamp, the rice  
fields of China; a field of ripe hay, the boundless prairies of  
the West; the pretty purple flowers of the common mallow  
is a text whereto to hang the cotton-fields of the Southern  
States—indeed, the whole field of pictorial geography-naps  
may wait until by-and-by—may be covered in this way.

And not only this, the children should be taught to  
observe the position of the sun in the heavens from hour to  
hour, and, by his position, to tell the time of day. Of course  
they will want to know why the sun is such an indefatigable  
traveller, and thereby hangs a wonderful tale, which they  
may as well learn in the "age of faith," of the relative sizes  
of sun and earth, and of the nature and movements of the  
latter. "Clouds and rain, snow and hail, winds and vapours,  
fulfilling His word"—are all everyday mysteries that the  
mother will be called upon to explain, faithfully, however  
simply.

#### The Child and Mother Nature.

Does so wide a programme alarm the mother? Does she  
with dismay see herself talking through the whole of those  
five or six hours, and, even at that, not getting through a  
tithe of the teaching laid out for her? On the contrary, the  
less she says the better; and, as for the quantity of educational  
work to be got through, it is the fable of the anxious  
pendulum over again: it is true, there are *cautious* ticks  
to be ticked, but there will always be a second of time to  
tick in, and no more than a single tick is to be delivered  
in any given second. The rapid little people will have  
played their play, whether of "sight-seeing" or "picture-  
painting," in a quarter of an hour or so for the study of  
natural objects, an occasional "Look!" an attentive examina-  
tion of the object on the mother's own part, a name given,  
a remark—dozen words long—made at the right moment,  
and the children have begun a new acquaintance which they  
will prosecute for themselves; and not more than one or two  
such presentations should occur in a single day.

Now, so how much leisure there is left! The mother's  
real difficulty will be to keep herself from much talk with the  
children, and to hinder them from occupying themselves with her.  
There is only one thing sweeter and more precious to the  
child than playful prattle between the mother and her little  
ones, but there is one thing better—the communing with  
the larger mother, in order to which, the child and she  
should be left to themselves. This is, truly, a delightful  
thing to watch: the mother reads her book or knits her sock,  
checking all attempts to make talk; the child lies on her  
back and stares up into a tree, or lies face downwards, and  
stares into a flower—doing nothing, thinking of nothing; or  
leads a bird's life among the branches, babbling fables to  
herself, or capers about aimlessly in her mirth—quite foolish  
irrational doings, but, all the time, a *fashioning* is going on:  
Nature is doing her part, with the vow,—

"This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motives of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By sweet sympathy."

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall leave her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where ripples dance on their wayward round,  
And buoyant bays of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face."

"And vital fountains of delight  
Shall run her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

(Wessexworks.)

There is one thing the mother will allow herself to do, as  
intercessor between nature and the child, but that not  
so often than once a week or once a month and with look and  
gesture of delight rather than with flow of improving words  
—she will point out to the child some touch of special  
beauty, in colouring or grouping, in the landscape or in  
the heavens. One other thing she will do but very rarely,  
and with tender filial reverence (most likely she will say  
her prayers and speak out of her prayer, for to touch on this  
ground with hard words is to wound the soul of the child);  
she points to some lovely flower or graceful tree, not only as  
a beautiful work, but a beautiful thought of God, in which we  
may believe. He feels continual pleasure, and which He is  
pleased to see His human children rejoice in. Such a seed of  
sympathy with the Divine thoughts sown in the heart of the  
child is worth many of the germs the man may listen to  
hereafter, much of the "divinity" he may read.

#### Out-of-door Games, etc.

The bright hours fly by, and there is still at least one  
lesson on the programme, to say nothing of an hour or two  
spent in the afternoon. The thought of a lesson is unin-  
teresting, after the discussion of much that is more interesting,  
and, truly, more important, but it need only be a little  
lesson, two minutes long, and the slight break and the effort  
of attention will give the greater zest to the pleasure and  
leisure to follow. The daily French lesson is that which  
should not be omitted. That children should learn French  
orally, by listening to and repeating French words and  
phrases; that they should begin so young that the difference  
of accent does not strike them, but they repeat the new  
French word all the same as if it were English and use it  
as freely; that they should learn a few—two or three, five  
or six—new French words daily, and that, at the same  
time, the old words should be kept in use—a point to be  
considered more fully hereafter; but it is so important to  
keep tongue and ear familiar with French vocabularies that  
a lesson should be omitted. The French lesson may,  
however, be made to fit in with the spirit of the other  
out-of-door occupations; the half-dozen words may be the  
parts—leaves, branches, bark, trunk, of a tree, or the colours  
of the flowers, or the movements of bird, cloud, lamb, child;  
in fact, the new French words should be but another form of  
expression for the play, that, for the time, fill the child's mind.

The afternoon's games, after luncheon, are an important  
part of the day's doings for the older children, though the  
little ones have probably worn themselves out by this time  
with the ceaseless restlessness by means of which nature  
provides for the development of muscular tissues in them; let  
them sleep in the sweet air, and awake refreshed. Meanwhile,  
the elders play; the more they run, and shout, and  
toss their arms, the more healthful is the play. And this is  
one reason why mothers should carry their children off to  
lonely places, where they may use their lungs to their hearts'  
content, without risk of annoying anybody. The muscular  
structure of the organs of voice is not enough considered;  
children love to indulge in cries and shouts and view halloos,  
and this "rude" and "noisy" play, with which their elders  
have not much patience, is no more than nature's way of  
providing for the due exercise of organs upon whose working  
powers the health and happiness of the child's future largely  
depend. People talk of "weak lungs," "weak chest," "weak  
throat," but perhaps it does not occur to everybody that  
strong lungs and strong throat are commonly to be had on  
the same terms as a strong arm or wrist—by exercise, training,  
use, work. Still, if the children can "give voice" musically,  
and more rhythmically to the sound of their own voices,  
so much the better. In this respect, French children  
are better off than English; they dance and sing through  
a hundred round-dances—just such games, no doubt, mimic  
marriages and burials, as the children played at, long ago,  
in the market-place of Jerusalem.

Most likely, before puritan innovations made us a staid  
and circumspect people, English lads and lasses of all ages  
danced out little dramas on the village greens, accompanying  
themselves with the words and airs of just such *rondes* as the  
French children sing to-day. We have a few of them left  
still—to be heard at Sunday-school treats and other gatherings  
of the children, and they are well worth preserving: "There came three dakes riding, riding, riding, riding" etc.,  
"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's" etc.,  
"Here we come gathering nuts in May" etc., "What has  
my poor prisoner done?" etc., and many all set to delightful  
sing-song airs that the little feet trip so merrily, the more  
so for the pleasant titillations of the words—dakes, nuts,  
oranges. Who could not go to the tune of such ideas?

The promoters of the kindergarten system have done  
much to revive games of this kind, but it is doubtful how  
far the prettier plays, learnt in school and from a teacher,  
will take hold of the children as do the games which have  
been passed on from hand to hand through an endless chain  
of children, and cannot be found in the print-books at all.

Croquet, tennis, and rounders are the games for *middle-classes*,  
if the children are old enough to play them, but as giving  
them homely play to the masses, and also carrying the  
highest moral purpose of games in bringing the children  
under the discipline of rules, but the little family we have  
in view, all of them under nine, will hardly be up to rounders

for me to  
ideal. What  
the town  
children  
again.



But to attempt to review in an hour the subjects proper for the child's intellectual education is a disappointing effort, and I can only hope that enough has been said to show the necessity of grave consideration on the mother's part before she allows *précis* nous little lesson books to be put into the hands of her children, or trusts ill-qualified persons to strike out methods of teaching for themselves.

## LECTURE VI

## THE WILL—THE CONSCIENCE—THE DIVINE LIFE IN THE CHILD.

*The Will.*

To-day we have to consider a subject of unspeakable importance to every being called upon to sustain a reasonable life here, with the hope of the fuller life hereafter. I mean the government of the kingdom of Mansoul. Every child who lives long enough in the world is invested, by degrees, with this high function, and it is the part of parents to instruct him in his duties and to practise him in his tasks. Now, the government of this kingdom of Mansoul is, like that of some other well-ordered States, carried on in three chambers, each chamber with its own functions, exercised, not by a multitude of counsellors, but by a single minister. In the outer of the three chambers, sits the Will. Like that Roman centurion, he has soldiers under him: he says to this man, Go, and he goeth; to another, Come, and he cometh; to a third, Do this, and he doeth it. In other words, the *executive power* is vested in the Will. If the Will have the habit of authority, if it deliver its mandates in the tone that constrains obedience, the kingdom is, at any rate, at unity with itself. If the will be feeble, of uncertain counsels, poor Mansoul is torn with disorder and rebellion.

What is the Will? I do not know; it would appear an ultimate fact, not admitting of definition; but there are few subjects on which those who have the education of children in their hands make more injurious mistakes, and, therefore, it is worth while to consider as we may, what are the functions of the will, and what are its limitations.

In the first place, will does not necessarily come into play in any of the aspects in which we have hitherto considered the child. He may reflect and imagine; be stirred by the desire of knowledge, of power, of distinction; may love and esteem; may form habits of attention, obedience, diligence, sloth, insouciance—that is, without ever *conscious*, purposing, willing these things for himself. So far is this true, that there are people who live through their lives without an act of deliberate will; amiable, easy-going people, on the one hand, led in by favouring circumstances; and poor souls, on the other, whom circumstances have not saved, who have drifted from their moorings, and are hardly to be named by those they belong to. Great intellectual powers by no means imply a controlling will. We all know how Coleridge had to be taken care of, because he had so little power of willing. His thoughts were as little under his own volition as his actions, and the fine talk people went to hear was no more than an endless pouring forth of ideas connected by no other link than that of association; though, so finely trained was his mind, that his ideas flowed methodically—of their own accord, so to speak.

It is not necessary to say a word about the dignity and force of character which a confirmed will gives to its possessor. In fact, character is the result of conduct regulated by will. We say, So-and-so has a great deal of character, such another is without character; and we might express the fact equally by saying, So-and-so has a vigorous will, such another has no force of will. We all know of lives rich in gifts and graces, which have been wrecked for the lack of a determining will. The will is the controller of the passions and motions, the director of the desires, the ruler of the appetites. But, observe, the passions, the desires, the appetites, are there already, and the will gathers force and vigour only as it is exercised in the repression and direction of these; for though the will appears to be of purely spiritual nature, yet it behaves like any member of the body in this—that it becomes vigorous and capable in proportion as it is duly nourished and fully employed. The villain of a novel, it is true, is, or, rather used to be, an interesting person, because he was always endowed with a powerful will, which acted, not in controlling his violent passions, but in aiding and abetting them; the result was a diabolical being out of the common way of nature. And no wonder, for, according to natural law, the faculty which does not fulfil its own functions is punished by loss of power; if it does not cease to be, it becomes as though it were not; and the will, being placed in the seat of authority, has no power to carry its forces over to the mob—the disorder would be too fearful, just as when the executive powers of a State are seized upon by a riotous mob, and there are shootings in the highways and hangings from the lanterns, infinite confusion everywhere.

I am anxious to bring before you this limitation of the will to its own proper functions, because parents often enough fall into the very metaphysical blunder we have seen in the novel-writer. They admire a vigorous will, and rightly. They know that if their child is to make his mark

in the world it must be by force of will. What follows? The baby screams himself into fits for a forbidden plaything, and the mother says, "He has such a strong will." The little fellow of three stands rearing in the street, and will neither go either nor thither with his nurse, because "he has such a strong will." He will rule the sports of the nursery, will monopolize his sisters' playthings, all because of this "strong will." Now we come to a divergence of opinion on the one hand, the parents decide that, whatever the consequence, the child's will is not to be broken, so all his vagaries must go unchecked, on the other, the decision is that the child's will must be broken at all hazards, and the poor little being is subjected to a dreary round of punishment and repression. But, all the time, nobody perceives that it is the mere want of will that is the matter with the child. He is in a state of absolute "wilfulness,"—the rather unfortunate word we use to describe the state in which the will has no controlling power; *willessness*, if there were such a word, would describe this state more truly. Now, this confusion in the minds of many persons, between the state of wilfulness and that of being dominated by will, leads to mischievous results, even where wilfulness is not fostered nor the child mildly repressed; it leads to the neglect of the due cultivation and training of the will, that almost divine faculty, upon the due development of which every other gift, be it beauty or genius, strength or skill, depends for its value.

What, then, is wilfulness, if it is not an exercise of will? Simply this: remove bit and bridle—that is, the control of the will—from the appetites, the desires, the emotions, and the child who has mounted his hobby, be it resentment, jealousy, desire of power, desire of property, is another Mazeppa, borne along with the speed of the swift and the strength of the strong, and with no power at all to help himself. Appetite, passion, there is no limit to their power and their persistence if the appointed check be removed; and it is this impetus of appetite or of passion, this apparent determination to go in one way and no other, which is called wilfulness and mistaken for an exercise of will. Whereas the *determination* is only apparent; the child is, in fact, hurried along without resistance, because that opposing force which should give balance to his character is undeveloped and untrained. The will has its superior and its inferior, what may be called its moral and its mechanical functions; and that will which, for want of practice, has grown flaccid and feeble in the exercise of its higher functions may yet be able for the ordering of such matters as going or coming, sitting or standing, speaking or refraining from speech. Again, though it is impossible to attain moral excellence of character without the agency of a vigorous will, the will ~~as such is not a moral~~ faculty, and a man may attain great strength of will in consequence of continued efforts in the repression or direction of his appetites or desires, and yet be an unworthy man; that is, he may be keeping himself in order from unworthy motives, for the sake of appearances, for his own interest, even for the injury of another. Once again, though a disciplined will is not a necessary condition of the Christian life, it is necessary to the development of the heroic Christian character. A Gordon, a Havelock, a Pau, a Florence Nightingale, must be a person of vigorous will. In this respect, as in all others, Christianity reaches the feeblest souls. There is a wonderful Guido "Magdalen" in the Louvre, with a mouth which has plainly never been set to any resolve, for good or ill—a lovely face moulded by the helpless following of the inclination of the moment; but you look up to the eyes, which are raised to meet the gaze of eyes not shown in the picture, and the countenance is transfigured, the whole face is aglow with a passion of service, love, and self-surrender. All this the Divine grace may accomplish in weak unwilling souls, and then they will do what they can, but their power of service is limited by their past. Not so the child of the Christian mother, whose highest desire is to train him for the Christian life. When he wakes to the consciousness of Whose he is and Whom he serves, she would have him ready for that high service, with every faculty in training—a man of war from his youth; above all with an effective will, to will and to do of His good pleasure.

Before we consider how to train this "sole practical faculty of man," we must know how the will operates—how it manages the ordering of all that is done and thought in the kingdom of Mansoul. "Can't you make yourself do what you wish to do?" says Guy, in the "Heir of Redcliffe," to poor Charlie Edmonston, who has never been in the habit of making himself do anything. There are those, no doubt, who have not even arrived at wishing, but most of us desire to do well; what we want to know is, how to make ourselves do what we desire. And here is the line which divides the effective from the non-effective people, the great from the small, the good from the well-intentioned and respectable; it is in proportion as a man has self-controlling, self-compelling power that he is able to do, even of his own pleasure; that he can depend upon himself, and be sure of his own action in emergencies. Now, how does this antecedent of the bosom behave? Is it with a stern "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not," that the subject man is coerced into obedience? By no means. Is it by a plausible show of reasons, musterings of motives? Not this either. Since Mr. John Stuart Mill taught us that "all that man does, or can do, with matter" is to "move one thing to or from another," we need

not be surprised if great moral results are brought about by what seem inadequate means, and a little lot of nursery experience will show better than much talking what is possible to the will. Baby tumbles, gets a bad bump, and cries pitifully. The experienced nurse does not "kiss the place to make it well," or show any pity for baby's trouble—that would make matters worse; the more she pities, the more he sobs. She hastens to "change his thoughts," so she says; she carries him to the window to see the "gee-gees," gives him his pet picture book, his dearest toy, and the child pulls himself up in the middle of a sob, though he is really badly hurt. Now, this, of the knowing nurse, is precisely the part the will plays towards the man. It is by force of will that a man can "change his thoughts," transfer his attention from one subject of thought to another, and that, with a shock of mental force that he is distinctly conscious of. And this is enough to save a man and to make a man, this power of making himself think only of those things which he has beforehand decided that it is good to think upon. His thoughts are wandering on forbidden pleasure to the hindrance of his work, he pulls himself up, and deliberately fixes his attention on those incentives which have most power to make him work, the leisure and pleasure which follow honest labour, the duty which binds him to the fulfilling of his task. His thoughts run in the groove he *wills* them to run in, and work is no longer an effort. Again, some slight affront has called up a flood of resentful feeling. So-and-so should not have done it, he had no *right*, it was mean, and so on through all the hard things we are ready enough to say in our hearts of an offender against our *amour propre*. But the man under the control of his own Will does not allow this to go on: he does not fight it out with himself, and say, "This is very wrong in me. So-and-so is not so much to blame, after all." He is not ready for that yet; but he just compels himself to think of something else—the last book he has read, the next letter he must write, anything in existing enough to divert his thoughts. When he allows himself to go back to the cause of offence, behold, all rancour is gone, and he is able to look at the matter with the coolness of a third person. And this is true, not only of the risings of resentment, but of every temptation that besets the flesh and spirit. Again, the summons of his duties, the weariness of doing the same thing over and over, fills him with disgust and despondency, and he relaxes his efforts;—but not if he is a man under the power of his own will, because he simply does not allow himself in idle discontent; it is always within his power to give himself something pleasant, something outside of himself to think of, and he does so, and, given, what we call a "happy frame of mind," his work is laborious. It is something to *know* what to do with ourselves when we are *lost*, and the knowledge of this way of the will is as far the secret of a happy life that it is well worth imparting to the children. Are you *cross*? Change your thoughts. Are you tired of trying? Change your thoughts. Are you craving for things you are not to have? Change your thoughts; there is a power within you, your own will, which will enable you to turn your attention, your thoughts that make you unhappy and *wrong*, to thoughts that make you happy and *right*. And this is the exceedingly simple way in which the will acts: this is the sole secret of the power over himself which the strong man yields—he can compel himself to think of what he chooses, and will not allow himself in thoughts that breed mischief.

But you perceive that, though the will is all-powerful within certain limits, these are but narrow limits after all. Much must go before and along with a vigorous will if it is to be a power in the ruling of conduct. For instance, the man must have acquired the habit of *attention*, the great importance of which we have already considered. There are bairn-witted people, who have no power of thinking connectedly for five minutes under any pressure, from within or from without. If they have never been trained to apply the whole of their mental faculties to a given subject, why, no energy of will, supposing they had it, which is impossible, could make them think steadily thoughts of their own choosing or of any one else's. Here is how the parts of the intellectual fabric dovetail: power of will implies power of attention; and before the parent can begin to train the will of the child, he must have begun to form in him the habit of attention.

Again, we have already considered the fatal facility in evil, the impulse towards good, which *habit* gives. Habit is either the ally or the opponent too often the fratrator of the will. The unhappy drunkard does *will* with what strength there is in him; he turns away the eyes of his mind from beholding his snare, he plies himself assiduously with other thoughts; but, alas, his thoughts will only run in the accustomed groove of desire, and *habit* is too strong for his feeble will. We all know something of this struggle between habit and will in less vital matters. Who is without some dilatory, procrastinating, in some way tiresome habit, which is in almost daily struggle with the rectified will? But I have already said so much about the duty of parents to ease the way of their children by laying down for them the lines of helpful habits, that it is unnecessary to say a word more here of habit as an ally or hinderer of the will.

And, once more, only the man of cultivated reason is capable of being ruled by a well-directed will. If his understanding does not show good *cause why* he should do some

will reading every day, why should *he* cling to the faith of his fathers, why *he* should take up his duties as a citizen, the movements of his will will be feeble and fluctuating, and very barren of results. And, indeed, worse may happen; he may take up some wrong-headed, or even vicious notion, and work a great deal of mischief by what he feels to be a virtuous effort of will. The parent may venture to place the power of will in the hands of his child, only in so far as he trains him to make a reasonable use of so effective an instrument.

One other limitation of the will we shall consider presently; but, supposing the parent take pains that the child shall be in a fit state to use his will, how is he to strengthen that will, so that, by-and-by, the child may employ it to control his own life by. We have spoken already of the importance of training the child in the habit of obedience. Now, obedience is valuable only in so far as it helps the child towards making himself do that which he knows he ought to do. Every effort of obedience which does not give him a sense of *conquest* over his own inclinations, helps to enslave him, and he will resent the loss of his liberty by running into licence when he can. That is the secret of the miscarriage of many strictly brought up children. But invite his co-operation, let him *help* intend and purpose to do the thing he is bidden, and then it is his own will that is compelling him, and not yours; he has begun the greatest effort, the highest accomplishment of human life—the *making*, the compelling of himself. Let him know what he is about, let him enjoy a sense of triumph, and of your congratulation, whenever he fetches his hands finish what they have begun, whenever he throws the black dog off his back, and produces a smile from a clouded face. Then, as was said before, let him know the secret of *willing*; let him know that, by an effort of will, he can turn his thoughts to the thing he wants to think of—his lessons, his prayers, his work, and away from the thing he should not think of;—that, in fact, he can be such a brave, strong little fellow, he can *make* himself think of what he likes; and let him try little experiments;—that, if he once gets his *thoughts* right, the rest will take care of itself, he will be sure to do right then;—that, if he feels cross, naughty thoughts coming upon him, the plan is, to think hard about something else, something nice—his next birthday, what he means to do when he is a man. Not all this at once, of course; but line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little, as opportunity offers. Let him get into the *habit* of managing himself, controlling himself, and it is astonishing how much self-compelling power quite a young child will exhibit.

*Restrain yourself, Yonny;* I used to say to a boy of four, and Tommy restrained himself, though he was making a terrible hullabaloo about some small trouble. All this time, the will of the child is being both trained and strengthened; he is learning how and when to use his will, and it is becoming every day more vigorous and capable. Let me add one or two wise thoughts from Dr. Morell's "Introduction to Mental Philosophy." "The education of the will is really of far greater importance, as shaping the destiny of the individual, than that of the intellect. . . . Theory and doctrine, and inculcation of laws and propositions, will never of themselves lead to the uniform habit of right action. It is by doing, that we learn to do; by overcoming, that we learn to overcome; and every right act which we cause to spring out of pure principles, whether by authority, precept, or example, will have a greater weight in the formation of character than all the theory in the world."

*The Conscience.*

But the will by no means carries on the government of the kingdom of Mansoul single-handed. True, the will wields the executive power, it is only by *willing* we are enabled to do; but there is a higher power behind, whose mandate the will does no more than express. *Conscience* sits supreme in the inner chamber. Conscience is the lawgiver, and utters the "Thou shalt" and the "Thou shalt not" wherein the will takes action; the judge, too, before whom the offending soul is summoned; and from the "Thou art the man," of conscience there is no appeal.

"I am, I ought, I can, I will"—these are the steps to that ladder of St. Augustine, whereby we—

"Rise on stepping stones,

Of our dead selves to higher things."

"I am"—we have the power of knowing ourselves. "I ought"—we have within us a moral judge, to whom we feel ourselves subject, and who points out and requires of us our duty. "I can"—we are conscious of power to do that which we perceive we ought to do. "I will"—we determine to exercise that power with a will which is in itself a step in the execution of that which we will. Here is a beautiful and perfect chain, and the wonder is, that, so exquisitely constituted as he is for right-doing, error should be even possible to man. But of the sorrowful mysteries of sin and temptation it is not my place to speak here; you will see that it is because of the sad possibilities of ruin and loss that lie about every human life, that I am pressing upon mothers the duty of saving their children by the means put into their hands. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that ninety-nine out of a hundred lost lives lie at the door of parents